

Salvation Songs.

A Great Captain.

1 Come, sinners, to Jesus, no longer delay,
A free, full salvation is offered to-day;
Arise, all ye bond-slaves, awake from your dream;
Believe, and the light and the glory shall stream.

CHORUS.
For the conquering Saviour shall break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again.
The word will oppose you, and Satan will wage;
To hinder your coming they both will engage;
But Jesus, your Saviour, has conquered for you,
And He will assist you to conquer them too.

Though tough be the fighting, and troubles arise,
There are mansions of glory prepared in the skies.
A crown and a kingdom you shortly shall view,
The laurels of victory are waiting for you.
When death's shady valley Christ calls you to tread,
A halo of glory around you He'll shed;
His presence shall cheer you as faintly you pray,
And angels to glory shall bear you away.

None Refused.

2 Whosoever haneth, shoot, shoot the sound,
Send the blessed tidings all the world around.
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found.
Whosoever will may come.
Whosoever will, whoe'er will,
Send the proclamation over vale and hill;
This is a loving Father calls the wanderer home.
Whosoever will may come.

Whosoever cometh, need not delay,
Now the door is open, enter while you may.
Jesus in the cross, the only living way,
Whosoever will may come.

Whosoever will, the promise is secure;
Whosoever will, forever shall endure;
Whosoever will, 'tis life for evermore;
Whosoever will may come.

Come Back.

3 Blestem, oh, wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Thou hast desired which in you born
Were kindled by His grace.

CHORUS.
Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to heaven when you die.
Return, oh, wanderer, return!
He hears you humble sigh;
He sees your softened spirit mourn,
When to one else is high.

Return, oh, wanderer, return!
Your Father bids you live;
Come to His cross and you will learn
How freely He'll forgive.

A Good Craft.

4 We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To our home beyond this tide.

CHORUS.
All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To our home beyond this tide.

Millions now are safely landed
O'er on the golden shore;
Millions more are on their journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.

Come on board, and ship for glory;
He is here, make up your mind,
For our vessel's waiting anchor,
You will soon be left behind.

You have kindled our wonder
On that bright and happy shore;
By and-by we'll swell the number,
When the tolls of life are o'er.

Salute! Western Province. THE COMMANDANT

INSPECT THE SALVATION FORCES

North-West and
British Columbia.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. MARCETTS

Ensign Smeeton.

WINNIPEG,	Thurs., Fri., Sat., Sun., Mon.	June 15, 16, 17, 18, 19
PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE	Tuesday	June 20
CARIBREY	Wednesday	June 21
NEERAWA	Thursday	June 22
RAPID CITY	Friday	June 23
BRANDON	Saturday and Sunday	June 24, 25
REGINA	Tuesday	June 26
CALGARY	Wednesday and Thursday	June 28, 29
VANCOUVER	Thursday, Sunday and Monday	July 1, 2, 3
NEW WESTMINSTER	Tuesday and Wednesday	July 4, 5
NANAIMO	Thursday and Friday	July 6, 7
VICTORIA	Saturday, Sunday and Monday	July 8, 9, 10

FURTHER PARTICULARS LATER.

A Big Saviour for Big Sinners.

5 Jesus, my King, by river and sea,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men be on Thine fall,
And devils fear as I fly.

CHORUS.
We have no other argument,
We want no other plea;
It is enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for me.

Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners dear;
He hears you humble sigh,
He turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And breaks Satan's lead;
Power into strengthening souls He
speaks,
And life into the dead.

O, that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace!
The words of love that compass me,
World all mankind embrace.

Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but give His name;
Prayer Him to all, and joy in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

An Old Timer.

6 Silent alone, salvation boys, we'll have
another song.
Sing it with a spirit that will start the
world along.

Sing it as our command says it many a
million strong.
As they were marching to glory.

CHORUS.
March on, march on, we bring the jubilee!
Fight on, fight on, salvation makes us free!
We'll shout our Saviour's praises o'er every
land and sea,
As we go marching to glory.

How the anxious about it when they hear
the joyful sound!

How the weakest convert when the Saviour
they have found!

How our great battalion seems to spring
out of the ground.

As we go marching to glory.
"Oh, they're hopeless nobodies," our
captains made boast,
They forgot that with us comes the Almighty
Holy Ghost.

And unseen battalions of the glorious
heavenly host,
As we go marching to glory.

So we'll make a thoroughfare for Jesus and
His train,
All the world shall bear us as fresh converts
we gain.

Sin shall be before us, for residence is in
vain,
As we go marching to glory.

Inspection.

7 Oh, when shall my soul find her rest,
My straggles and wanderings be
done,
My heart, by my Saviour possessed,
Be facing and smiling to meet me!

Now search me and try me, oh Lord,
Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry;
Soy, belovest I sing to Thy Word,
My soul to my Saviour I've given.

My whole I cast at Thy feet,
My all I return Thee, Who gave,
The moment the work is complete,
For Thou art worthy to meet!

Oh, Saviour, I dare to believe,
Thy blood for my cleansing I see;
And, when in faith, I receive,
Salvation, full, present, and free.

Oh, Lord, I shall now comprehend
Thy mercy, so high and so deep;
And long shall my praises sound,
For Thou art worthy to keep.

WELCOME!

A Big Reception
will be given to

BRIG. and MRS. GARRITT

(late of South America),

—AND—

Ensign Jones

ON MONDAY, MAY 29th.

Lippincott Street Barracks.

COMMANDANT AND
MRS. BOOTH

Will conduct the meeting, assisted by
Headquarters' Staff and City
Corps.

DIVINE TELEGRAPHY.

This afternoon, as I am on my knees
before God, my heart goes out for news of
His Spirit, that Spirit that will make me
to wrap over men and women that are in
sin, and then as I view my own heart, as
I am thought to be, not what the world
may think I am, but just as I stand in the
sight of God, I look at myself. Oh, my
God, for more of Thee, more of Thee, that
led Thee to the garden of Gethsemane,
that spirit of love that took Thee to the
cross. I stop and pause a moment.
It was for me. Then I compare my love
with His. Oh, how small I am!
I have my own heart and my own
For ever closer to all but Thee.

Still, I cannot help wondering when I see
how unfaithful I have been, not in big
things, but in the little things—things that
look too small to notice, looking at it with
a natural eye; yet how many victories I
have lost, how many blessings I have
missed, all for want of being careful in the
little things.

My health being so very poor, I haven't
had the privilege of working for God as I
would like to have done. Being away
from the fight I love so much, I grew weak,
not willfully, but by neglecting little
secret things. When my body would be
weak, and when I would desire to go away
where no one would hear me and read my
Bible—that Book of Books—and every by-
fore God then the devil would whisper in
my ear and say,

"You are too Weak to Pray and Work."
God doesn't require you to tire yourself out
when you are so weak and tired in body.

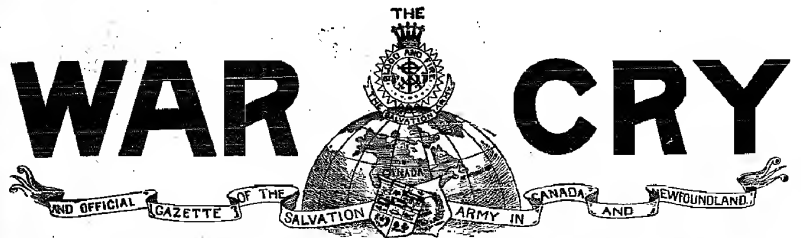
Very often I would listen to his whisper,
but what was the result? I lost that which
I had for prayer. I would rather sit and
rest, than to go on my knees, as I used to
call it, when I might have been going
strength both to soul and body. That I
would feel sorry, and ask God to forgive
me for failing, instead of spending my
time with Him and for His glory. And I
think God to-day things have changed.

One morning I got up a little earlier than
the rest, and while alone with God I took
my Testament and went down before Him.
The Lord broke up my. After expecting it
some time, I rose a conqueror. Glory to
God. He showed me it was not too late
to give me the victory, but by asking His
forgiveness for my past unfaithfulness, and
in the future obeying His voice and mind-
ing my time for His glory, and promising
His Kingdom; and the only way I could
a pure and spotless life was necessary,
and hourly, and daily obeying His com-
mandments, and if I do this, which I am
endeavouring to do every day, and how
my neighbor as myself, I shall be able
to say I reach the victory gate.

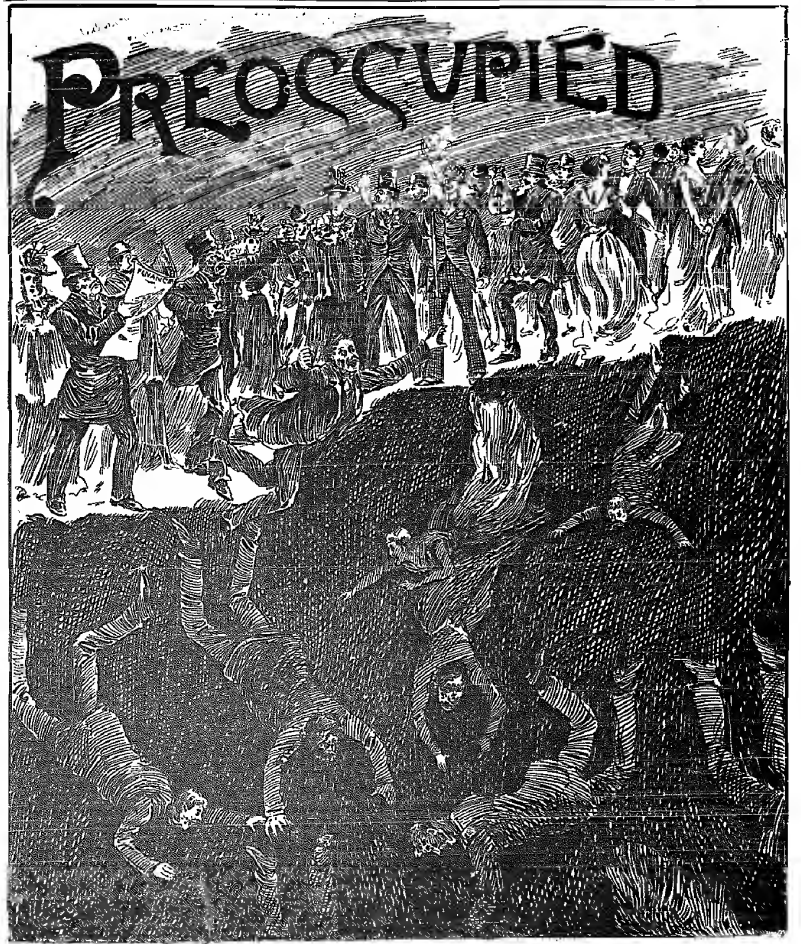
My experience this afternoon is, "The
blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleans
my heart from all sin, and keeps me clean
forever for ever."

Now, my dear reader, if you have given
could, come back to God.

LEWIS M. McALLISTER.



VOL. IX. No. 449. [WILKINSON PHOTO. General of the U. K. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JUNE 3, 1893. [HERBERT H. BOWEN. Correspondent for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



(For Article see Page 4.)

1

White Summer Caps
Specially suitable for Backmen. Only \$3.40.
Light - Comfortable - Cool

Salvation Songs.

Consecration.

BY THOMAS G. HILLER, GOSFOLD.

TUNE—Send another Psalmist.

1 Have you been saved from inward sin?
Have you been sanctified?
And are you now your heart is clean,
And in you Christ abides?

CHOIR.

Oh, give yourself to God to-day,
Your every life bring;
Then throw your heart's door open
Wide.

And let the Lord come in.
A useful life you then will live,
When from all sin set free;
To save poor souls you will delight,
And happy you will be.

Put far away cold-heartedness,
Indifference as well,
And let your heart a temple be,
Fit for your Christ to dwell.

I Come to Thee.

BY SAMUEL MAY LARG, LUTHERBURG.

TUNE—Break Loose.

2 Dear Lord, I bring my all to Thee,
From every sin to be set free,
That I may always live in Thee,
A faithful follower, Lord, of Thee.

CHOIR.

I come to Thee, I come to Thee,
Oh, make my life what it should be,
O my Lord, of Thee I will be sold,
I wish to have done with earth's pelf,
Oh, make my life what it should be,
A perfect copy, Lord, of Thee.

I always want my life to be
A silent speaker, Lord, for Thee;
Oh, help me in this dark world shine,
That all around may know I'm Thine.
The done, I feel within my soul
Thy blood just now does make me whole,
And when my trials here are o'er,
I'll dwell with Thee for ever more.

Glory Be to God.

BY HANNAH DANIELA.

TUNE—Singing glory, glory, glory to God on high.

3 Whence came this happy, singing land,
We need from day to day,
With melody and song in hand,
They're always in our way!

CHOIR.

Singing, glory, glory, glory to God on high!
They say they're on their way to heaven,
And dare to tell it out,
Because their sins are all forgiven,
In why they sing and shout.

Though doubting long God's power to keep,
His people from their sin,
I'll praise Him more, down at His feet,
My heart shall own His King.

Worshipping him, there's hope for all,
There's cleansing, power, and light,
In Jesus' blood, then as His call,
March onward in His might.

Joy and Freedom.

BY S. L. BEECHY, LUTHERBURG.

TUNE—Yes, He gives us peace and pardon.

4 Come to Jesus now poor sinners,
Come and give up your sin,
Leave the way that leads you down,
And He'll take you in.

CHOIR.

Jesus gives us joy and freedom,
When His own hearts we give;
Sinner, turn you love and serve Him,
And He'll take you in.

Yes, my Jesus will forgive you,
Blessed His grace within;
He will save and fully cleanse you,
If you'll give up sin.

Though the devil old will tempt you,
And try to lead astray;
If you leave it all to Jesus,
He will give victory.

Salute!

THE COMMANDANT

INSPECT THE SALVATION FORCES

North-West and
British Columbia.

THE COMMANDANT WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY—

BRIGADIER MARGETTS

Ensign Smeeton

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Sing Glory.

BY E. W. SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, HARRIST.

TUNE—Singing glory, glory, glory to God on high.

5 I'm glad I oversaw the day,
Sing glory, glory, glory,
That Jesus washed my sin away,
Sing glory, glory, glory.

I'll praise Him while I stay down here,
Till the darkness of sin is o'er,
I'll praise Him with a voice more clear
In Glory, Glory, Glory.

My Jesus pleads His dying love,
In Glory, Glory, Glory,
For when He came to save me,
In Glory, Glory, Glory.

My heart shall own His King,
I'll praise Him more, down at His feet,
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Coming Events

BRIG. AND MRS. SCOTT,

WILL VISIT

BRIDGEVILLE, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, June 8, 9, 10.

BRIG. AND MRS. JACOBS

WILL VISIT

YARMOUTH, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 8, 9, 10.

ANNAPOLIS, Monday, June 9.

LUNenburg, Tuesday, June 10.

LIVERPOOL, Wednesday, June 11.

BRIDGEVILLE, Thursday, June 12.

KENTVILLE, Friday, June 13.

WINDSOR, Saturday and Sunday, June 14, 15.

HALIFAX, Monday, June 16.

THURRO, Tuesday, June 17.

NEW GLASGOW, Wednesday, June 18.

ANNEBURY, Thursday, June 19.

Staff-Captain Bolton

WILL VISIT

REVIVAL SERVICES

At the following places on the dates mentioned—

ST. THOMAS, June 10 to 12.

STRATFORD, June 13 to 14.

PALMERSTON, June 15 to 16.

First-class Steamship Companies.

Butt, Jones, and Co., Limited.

Full Sea Service (Mar. 1910).

These are a few characteristics of our S. A. Vessels. Prices, \$10, and you will think it cheap when you have the whole of it.

Many Blue Print and Letter for Summer only; 175 cents per year.

Turkey Bed, plain or twilled, 175 and 100 cents per year.

OFFICERS!

Please note that all orders for goods must be accompanied by cash, and if under \$1 must have sufficient surplus to cover postage.

Marching To War.

BY CAPT. FRANK, THE CORP. VED.

TUNE—The Salvation Army.

8 We have vowed that we will give up all.

But let the night.

But let the night.

But let the night.

But let the night.

But let the night.

But let the night.

But let the night.

THE
WAR
CRY
AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. IX. No. 450. [Council of the S. A. Press throughout the world.] TORONTO, JUNE 10, 1899. [REBERT H. BOOTH, Correspondent for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

All the Way

BUENOS AIRES

Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt

FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE EDITORIAL SHARP-SHOOTERS.

A Cosmopolitan Career.

The subject of our sketch has already, in the Toronto meetings, answered many of the questions that were proposed to him, and especially our first one, namely, as to whether the career had not been of a cosmopolitan character.

For eleven years, our subject has fought as an officer in the ranks of the Salvation Army. As Captain, and then in Captain-General, in the Training Home, where he commenced his military training. Then, as a Captain in charge of Bethel Green, at which corps Major Hall sent him as a volunteer, he became acquainted with the Brigadier, who was a soldier.

Afterwards, as Captain in three English corps, he served a good apprenticeship in field matters. This was followed by an appointment as A. D. C., and afterwards to was in charge of Cornwall Division.

Marching order then came for foreign service. And, since that time, it would appear that, more or less, the Brigadier has been associated with Foreign Service.

This would amount to some, as a natural order of things, as the Brigadier's family were originally French, and his parents for years had a large store in New York.

At the end of three years' service in Australia, he returned to England, and was appointed as Assistant Secretary to Colonel Horn. On the Commandant being charged of field matters in the United Kingdom, the Brigadier was promoted Major, and made Field Secretary, which very important position he held for two years.

This was again followed by marching orders for South America. Operations were commenced in the Spanish Republic revolution.

We enquired of the Brigadier, as to how he became acquainted with the Salvation Army. It was a case of "Love at first sight." In his native town, over 1,700 of the worst characters in it were converted during the first three months. At that time, the Brigadier was

Preparing to enter Edinburgh College, under the tuition of his uncle, the Rev. Robert Norton Barritt, who has since been

special messenger with the General, and proudly declared that he himself would have become a Salvation Army officer, if he had been twenty, instead of sixty years of age.

The Brigadier continued to speak in S. A. meetings, until, after listening to an address on holiness, he decided he would speak no more until he obtained the blessing of a clean heart, and kneeling at the S. A. penitential service, the Spirit of God tested him as to whether he was willing to become an S. A. officer. And, as he loves to stand, the very moment he was willing, the purity of heart was given him. He received a real baptism of the Holy Ghost power.

In answer to our question, as to his work in Australia, he gave the brightest possible account of our work in that country, and paid a very high tribute to the zealous young Colonial spirit that is such a feature of that country, and he appeared to think that in many respects, Canada is very similar.

Those of us who were privileged to be present at his reception, being conducted by the Commandant, will not soon forget his account of the little crippled boy.

Three months after landing almost the entire party, with the exception of the Brigadier and his wife, were attacked with smallpox and diphtheria. It was then that his knowledge of and faith in the hygienic system served him in good stead, and that personally he nursed them all back to health and strength.

The experiences of the Brigadier in this new country were certainly very various. Selling the Spanish War Cry became quite an art, as they had to have a few questions written out in Spanish, and with the Cry in one hand and the paper in the other, the purity of heart was given him. He received a real baptism of the Holy Ghost power.

Gold Thousands of "Cry." On every day, for the first six months, he devoted three or four hours to War Cry selling, and has often sold four or five dozen papers in that time.

South America is a trying country for the diabolical, and the Brigadier was deprived completely of the service of his devoted wife, who worked and labored until she could no more longer, and they were ultimately compelled to return to England.

"This appears a strange undertaking," we

In reply to the question as to his position and work in this country, he replied that he was here just to do, whatever the Commandant wished. As Provincial Officer for Toronto, with charge of the Social and Training operations, through the Dominion, and assisting the Commandant in Field matters, the Brigadier finds plenty to do.

Glancing over his list of current events, we found out that besides meetings every day, that also special meetings outdoors are now being organized throughout the city.

The Brigadier would not allow us to finish the interview without expressing his grateful feelings for the hearty welcome he has received in Toronto, and how glad he is to meet on this side of the water such old friends and comrades as Brigadier Stoddard and Marjory, Major Hall, Staff Capt. Barker and other officers.

A feeling of sadness, said the Brigadier, would prevent him from saying what he would like to say about his close association with the Commandant, as he has always regarded the time spent under the Commandant's leadership in England as the best, and certainly the most instructive period of his Army career.

"And now," said the Brigadier in closing, "I don't forget to mention that I am expecting a special order and a new uniform."

He intones every reader of this column to join this out-and-out shout.

A SHORT SKETCH
—OF—
Mrs. de Barritt's
S. A. EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Brigadier de Barritt—now, big paragon, Miss de Barritt—was a young woman, connected with the "Toronto Free Press" and "The Methodist" and teacher in the Sabbath School. When, in 1880, the Army opened its arms to her, she was, on hearing as much of its possibilities, she went to study her currency on Sunday as a knowledge, thinking she would not be seen by her own people, but God convinced her that none without a heart having a definite, personal conversion with some unlearned person about their soul.

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Two months after landing almost the entire party, with the exception of the Brigadier and his wife, were attacked with smallpox and diphtheria. It was then that his knowledge of and faith in the hygienic system served him in good stead, and that personally he nursed them all back to health and strength.

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The experiences of the Brigadier in this new country were certainly very various. Selling the Spanish War Cry became quite an art, as they had to have a few questions written out in Spanish, and with the Cry in one hand and the paper in the other, the purity of heart was given him. He received a real baptism of the Holy Ghost power.

In answer to our question, as to his work in Australia, he gave the brightest possible account of our work in that country, and paid a very high tribute to the zealous young Colonial spirit that is such a feature of that country, and he appeared to think that in many respects, Canada is very similar.

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